

Boatright
Box 55045
Omaha 68155

25 Sept. 70

Dear Hal,

Thanks for yours of the 11th. Actually, the enforced inactivity is now bothering me more than the two busted ribs. I can't lift, push, pull, walk long distances, climb long flights of stairs, etc., etc., etc. Nor can I go back to work at the hospital, for fear of re-injury while restraining someone. Besides all that, even sitting up reading becomes uncomfortable rather quickly. Hell'va situation!

But ms. for Steppen. 4 has at least been finished and sent on its way to printer in London. A weight off my mind. However, inflation now hurting our arrangement with Villiers in England, too. Still cheaper there than in U.S., and much better workmanship, but if the situation continues to worsen (and there is no evidence at present to support optimism) we'll be hard pressed, I'm afraid, to continue much longer. So I keep telling myself: take one issue at a time, ole gray-head; if the time comes when you can't carry-on...then chuck it and join an expedition in search of the yeti. Yeah. And issue #4 is at the printer and paid for. All is not (yet) lost.

Frazier & Cohen unknown to me by name, but I once wrote a whole series of short poems in a single night at the Ryder (on Rampart St. isn't it?) and read my work there, too. What were supposed to be coffins used for seats, as I recall...with candles on the tables... or maybe the coffins were supposed to be tables? Used to annoy me that the management would supervise passing of the hat for folk singers & musicians that would wander in to play & sing...but no such consideration ever given to poets reading their own work. Wasn't the money—there were no fortunes made by anyone—it was just the idea of the thing. You know what I mean. I might have met Frazier or Cohen at that time, but I don't remember them if I did.

Read condensation in Argosy Magazine last night of Albert Newman book on JFK murder. De Mohrenschildt seems an odd one. What do you know of him? Newman, however, didn't impress me much.

I still want to read your work on Ray, of course, when it is ready. Jean read Huie's article in June Esquire & tells me he has softened his attitude considerably since earlier Look articles. Ray now seemingly just another run-of-the-mill hood, at best a bit grandiose. His brother's involvement in the South may suggest another story though.

You know, Hal, you ought to someday write a "nature" book. I mean it. You describe where you live very appealingly. Hope we can visit you one of these years. But if we did you might have some trouble getting rid of us, ever!

Must go now—but wanted you to see this strange story on the Soka Gakkai (enclosed). Ever hear of it (them)? —Best regards, |